BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1933

O, Wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn't being,

. . . . . .

Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—SHELLEY

VOL. VII. No. 1

B O Z A R T

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON offers a cash prize of $25.00, *"The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize,"* for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933. The judges to be nationally known poets.

MRS. WILLAFORD R. LEACH offers a cash prize of $10.00, *"The Collegiate Poetry Prize,"* for the best poem—of not over 32 lines—by a college student, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933. Judges will be well known poets and teachers of poetry.

AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT offers a cash prize—$5.00 in Gold—for the best sonnet appearing in this magazine during 1933. (The donor will be the judge).

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The Editor's Salon

Twenty-two years ago I asked my young friend, Armand Carroll, what he thought of Percy Bysshe Shelley. He replied, "I am always under a handicap in discussing Shelley; for my vocabulary seems exceedingly small, colorless, restricted, and totally inadequate to express what I want to say of him. To my way of thinking he stands alone in all literature as the most detached spiritualist that ever lived. His very contact with the instruments of his art is so etherial that one wonders whether it is the English language in which he is writing, or if it is some mode of expression gleaned from his clouds and the star-spaces beyond.

"We are able to understand Shelley in a singular way, as though our subconsciousness had conveyed the message to us while we slept, and we had awakened with an intangible and un-expressible idea of majesty and glory and pure beauty in our minds. In his 'Epipsychidon' he has achieved the impossible; for he has expressed inexpressible beauty. His theology is not of earth nor applicable to earth; but it is wreathed in the most exquisite refulgence the mind can imagine."

Of the poets I have known, Ernest Hartsock and Armand Carroll come nearest to being reincarnations of the spirit of Shelley.

* * * *

This issue of BOZART and Contemporary Verse is unavoidably late. Since our last issue came out, the Oglethorpe University Press has published three books of poems, a full-length novel, a Rhetoric, and Westminster magazine. Excuse us, please, for having plenty to do.

Here is an interesting article which appeared recently in the New York Sun, under the title, "Five Got It."

(Continued on page 39)

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

I know not whether, on Olympian height,
The immortals weep. I only know
That suddenly bereft of their delight
Are all dim greenwoods, known to gods, below—
Each satiny oak, each crystal pool, and fane,
Where might have dwelt a dryad, nymph, or faun
Of pointed ear and flashing hoof, remain
Alike untenanted. No more at dawn,
To dian's horn, the panting hounds rush by—
The fluting pipes of Pan are strangely still—
Apollo's stallions, circling down the sky,
Dissolve in mist on the Olympian hill . . . .
Hostage to dust, she joins the silent throng,
Who kept their altars lighted . . . with her song!

Michigan —JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

Sonnets in Exile

This song has braved the corridors of time:
That when the delicate hands and body falter,
Love sits enthroned upon a chiseled altar,
Enforcing her command with graceful prime.
The lapidary could not hope to climb
The stair ascending to the high exalter,
Or gem the crown of singer or the Psalter,
Who gave to life this unforgotten chime.

One must possess a certain aptitude,
A sure, undaunted zeal that leaps to fire,
Before the avid aspirations find
Complacency above the troubled mood;
Where truth's last codicil of mute desire
Offers us peace, the fruitage of the mind.

Down through the centuries love has been wrought,
Nor has is from exertive bonds been free.
It stabs the quiet gift of lethargy
With cogent flame. But where the flesh is fraught
With languor to repression, and is caught
Within the quiver of captivity,
There is a power that rules our destiny—
A strength that governs the exhausted thought.

For one who does not know the weight of years,
Whose life is futile as a broken jar,
Who has no shrine where he can bow or kneel,
For him the meed of pity and of tears.
He has no goal beyond each lesser star
To lure the mind to any high ideal.

Back in the torturous cavern of my mind
I made this pattern in my plastic years,
And it has piloted through skeptic fears
My fevered body when my eyes were blind
To elevation. Now I keenly find
A foreign hesitation that appears
Repugnantly, when some false doctrine nears
This citadel of love that stands enshrined.

Such thoughts had brought you no concern or pain;
At least you never seemed disturbed by this,
Your weapon being passion and its vent.
With manners like the fashioned pulse of rain
That emeralds the loam with fertile kiss,
Your errant creed must lie in discontent.

But when the time shall come that children play
In pantomine; and lightly as a feather
The dew has crystallized upon the heather,
Perhaps we two, on this eventful day,
May chant the notes of this familiar lay.
Unmindful of the rain and stormy weather,
Forgetful of old griefs, we'll sing together
December songs that hold the youth of May.

So it is finished and the end of woes;
Now go your way for I am done with weaving
The tapestry to decorate this bower,
While you command attention as the rose
In deep, full bloom. And why should I be grieving
And bare my heart—a petal-shattered flower?

Ohio —TESSA SWEAZY WEBB

White Moment

Here in the silken quiet of this room,
Shuttered from all the turmoil of the day,
I see you standing, stark as any birch
Silvered against the drapery of dusk.
The curving glory of voluptuous earth
Is in your flesh. The shoulders' lustrous lines
Are beautiful as beaches sloping white
Down to the foaming crescents of the sea
Or irridescent arms of clouds that reach
Into the deep, blue fathoms of the sky.
The arching symmetries of breast and thigh
Are like transported hillocks, clad with snow,
Caught in the cloistered silence of these walls.
You are the exaltation of the earth:
The scent of earth is in your ripened hair;
The lush fecundity of leaf and loam
Is prisoned in the stronghold of your flesh.

Lost in an old bewilderment, I pause
Before this fragrant alchemy of time,
This bright transfiguration of the dust.

Georgia —ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Heaven's Stars

"The night has a thousand eyes,"
My Sweetheart, two—
If ever the light of the stars should fail
I know what God would do.

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Wheels

Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!
(*Mercy of God!*)
What is the source of them?
Where to the course of them?
Hither and thither
They grind and they slither;
They ply every angle
And fractional angle
In an untangled tange;
A snarl that is neither
In an untangled tangle;
But a schematic, subtle,
Deliberate muddle;
Anomalous tangle.
(*Mother of God!*)
They crunch and they jangle
And scream pantherish
Or unctuously slither
With a sibilant swish.
They crush and they slither
At each multiple angle,
Each tilt of an angle.
They swirl and they jangle
(*Mercy of God!*)
But whither and whither?
Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!
(*Merciful Heaven!*)
Whence is the rage of them?
What is the wage of them?
Vortex and gyre
And friction and fire;
Ebullient scoria,
Unhallowed gloria,
Phantasmagoria.
(*Merciful Christ!*)
Look! Look in the center:
Tragical face.—
There is the mentor,
Hound of the chase.
See, for his shoulder
Is bended with pain.
He's old and he's older
And older in vain.
Nor warm as sun shine
But clammy as rain.
Whose are the features?
The features are thine—
Composite creatures—
The features are mine.
And the face is a window
(*Oh, Heaven divine!*),
A pale-curtained window
Of long, narrow line,
A stone turret window
With flowerless sill,
An unlitten window;
Then look if you will
Through the gray frosted pane;
Look through if you will
To his boreal brain,
To his metalline brain.
Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!
(*Way of the Cross!*)
What is the cause of them?
What are the laws of them?—
Christ! They are we.
Whence is the rage of them?—
What is the wage of them?—
This is the Age of them—
Christ! They are we.

They are humanity,
Subtle insanity.
Hither and thither
They grate and they slither
(*In-fin-i-ty!*)
Whither and whither?

Georgia —LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

November Night

A changing wind mows clean the storm-thick sky
November brought. No farther shine the stars,
No less benign the new moon rides on high—
Nothing their sweet celestial order mars,
And nothing loved on earth has suffered blight
But one mad dream of spring, that lay too long
Upon these eyes—more beautiful than light;
So ends in death what was to end in song.

November has a bitter wind that plays
On memory, long cadenzas with a sound
Of beating rain and boughs where winter weighs.
November flows toward April like a stream
Under thick ice; the prisoned waters seem
To float débris of spring, and beauty drowned.

Connecticut —ANGELA MARCO

Fir Candles

When I see tall candles
On waiting altars stand,
I dream of pointed fir trees
On mounting table land.
Flame-like on nature's altar
Lifted from snow-blue sod,
Still in adoration
They wait their sun-crowned god.

Pennsylvania —MARY MORRIS DUANE

From Life to Life

From life to life I seem to run,
Like skies that turn from dusk to blue,
Shedding old garments one by one
For mantles ever strange and new.

Here on a trembling deck I stand
And gaze across the rumpled sea,
Thinking how, with the fading land,
The shore-existence dropped from me;

And how the cares that stung and grieved,
The hopes that called like phantom fire,
Became as shadows half perceived
From dreaming worlds beyond desire.

This circling sky of feathered cloud,
This ocean's white-lipped indigo,
These decks where loungers doze and crowd,
Are all I see, are all I know.

So, when at last a larger ship
Conveys me to a nobler Port,
Shall I not lightly rise, and slip
From the long bondage birth has wrought?

New York —STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Rain

God is weeping tonight.
Quietly.
His jeweled tears slant down
Upon a wearied world
With cool, clean gentleness . . . .

I walk along,
My grimy face upturned,—
And wish it were my heart.

Alabama —PAUL STOUGH

Time Is Long

Forget you? . . . Oh, have April buds forgot
  Their rendezvous with spring? Has Heaven set
  Its covenant with hearts that could forget
The lilt of Easter dawn? . . . Has Nature not
Remembered summer's urgent need of spring
  With gardens lush in spirit, leaf and sod
  As memory's humble sacrament to God?
Is life itself not love, remembering?

More easily than crowding you from mind—
  Forgetting eyes that spoke in beauty's tongue—
I could unlock the universe and find
  The sanctum where our destined stars were hung.
Forget you? . . . Time and truth have struck the gong
Of love's reverberations . . . Time is long.

Washington —ADRIAN HUFFMAN

Golden-rod

I found within the autumn wood
  A spear ensheathed in green,
That waved its shining blade of gold
  Defiantly serene,
Altho it is a harbinger
  Of winter, cold and keen.

I find within my autumn life,
  A courage manifold,
A scimitar of gold against
  Days that are lone and cold,
A shibboleth that keeps the heart
  From ever growing old.

Georgia —ANNIE BASS HILL

The Voice

I walked abroad one autumn day
To find a place where I might pray.
A brown hill offered me its side
And there I tarried, satisfied.

Before my thoughts could find release
I sensed a vast and healing peace.
It seemed a voice spoke in my ear:
"Remember I am always near!"

I bared my head and closed my eyes
While thrilling with a sweet surprise.
And then the same voice gently said:
"Let all my hungry ones be fed!"

I scarcely breathed as, spoken low,
Came truths first uttered long ago,
Which I and all the world beside
Remembered not, or had defied.

And when the spirit voice was still
I felt transfigured on my hill,
As though a flame had swept me clean
Of all things sordid, base and mean.

I wondered then in chastened calm
Whence Could the voice have spoken from
I turned my head in the holy hush,
And there at my side was a burning bush!

Kentucky —EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Signatures

The waves
In play dispute
Which one shall write its name
Above the others on the sand's
Wet slate.

Florida —ETHEL GRISIER EVANS

Gethsemane

The fisher-women walk by the sea,
Walk and look, incessantly;
For the clouds are heavy, the skies grow black,
And the fishing boats have not come back.

The fisher-women speak not a word,
And none the prayers in their hearts have heard;
Anguish is all too deep for words,
And prayers wing forth like silent birds.

Their haggard faces are set and white,
As they walk and look, in the fading light;
Fear sweeps their minds like the coming gale.
Oh God, for the sight of a single sail!

. . . . . .

But the clouds are heavy, the skies grow black,
WILL THE FISHING BOATS NEVER COME BACK?

South Carolina —ELLEN M. CARROLL

Moon Madness

The tide came in softly
on small slippered feet.
"Stay with me," I wispered,
coaxing, pleading gently . . .
But the moon paled
and the tide went out,
blowing a misty spray, like hair,
across my cheeks,
leaving a salty taste, like tears,
upon my lips.

Ohio —ALMA L. GRAY

Consecration

I shall believe in love. When everything
Is torn to tatters by the growing wind
Before my whitened face, I hope to find
Enough of beauty left to mould a scheme
For being great in grief, remembering
The cruelty of Byron's crumbled dream.

I shall believe in heaven. Time and death
Shall be but little things like wind and petals
And faint and feeble as the fuzz that settles
From April willows, now I am among
Those who may listen to the lasting breath
Of Chatterton who died so very young.

I shall believe in God. I shall not gnaw
A single crust of heathen sacrament;
Drink no dark wine except what He has sent.
And I shall honor Him, who eat His sweets,
If only that His holy hand could draw
Such glorious honey from the heart of Keats.

Georgia —JAMES E. WARREN, Jr.

The Song of the West

Beyond the gates of Hercules, beyond the swinging surge,
We seek the isles of happiness, some curving golden shore.
The red sun calls us onward with an ever-quickening urge—
Beyond the earth's far edge there must be battles left in store.

We seek, the ivory-pillared halls, the mighty marble aisles,
is no freedom for the tre."
scend,
We seek the palace roofed with space and paved with ocean
tiles—
On us the call is come to know the wonder of the end.

New Jersey-Massachusetts —ALBERT S. DAVIS, Jr.

Retired

There is no need to light a window now,
For he is home from following the sea
And walks unsteadily as though a prow
Swayed underneath his feet. He looks at me
Unseeingly; his thoughts are where a wave
Creeps up the sand; where spindrift whips the face
This being chained to earth is like a grave;
Unchanging, narrow, with too little space.

His ears are tuned to gusty winds, to bells,
To high white water piled upon the shore,
And all the quaint, old tales a seaman tells
Upon a deck or by a cabin door.
There is no need to light a window, now,
And yet, at times I wish there were—somehow.

Arizona —FRANCES DAVIS ADAMS

—Ambition—

I saw my dream ship drift away
  Upon an angry sea;
Unconquered waves that bore it on
  Flung back their mockery.

But in the sand I found a pearl,
  And on the hill a flower,
I saw a sunbeam pierce the sea
  And felt the ocean's power.

Ambition may not rift the skies
  Where shines the regal sun,
But Heaven lets fall her sheen of stars,
  To blossom one by one.

Illinois —ARTHUR MILTON POPE

Progress

When old complacent levels are upturned
By Time's hoofed cavalcade across the years,
The coward builds himself a tower of fears
Above the changing scene, for he has learned
The cost of growth, and if it has not earned
A prize for his small schemes, he neither hears
The birth-cry of the larger plan—what rears
For future profit, finds him unconcerned.

God send the day man welcomes each new change,
Although it mean a personal defeat;
And let him tread where tidal forces range—
The covered wagon goes before the wheat—
Then give him courage—send him growing zest—
To join the pageant . . . moving toward the West.

Pennsylvania —LYDIA KINGSWAY

Requiem

The stroke of time within my breast
In rhythmic utterance impels
A vision of the glowing West
Where our immortal spirit dwells.

The webs of glory or of pain
Release the burden of their mesh.
The seasons of the sun or rain
No longer beat upon the flesh.

For one mute moment all has shone,
Flooding the Last Sky with its blaze.
From mortal shadow we have flown
And pause before eternal ways.

California —DOUGLAS V. KANE

Sanctuary

I shut my door against the dragon dark
And hear the vulture wind go shrilling by.
The night, a dinosaur of terror stark,
Prowls up and down while light and warmth defy.
The firelogs glow and purr with snug content,
The polished woodwork twinkles with good cheer,
The walls fold down benevolently bent,
As if protecting me from storm and fear.

Here is the hearth-fire of home-gathered peace,
The thousand, thousand moments of the days
Gathered as bounty from the years' increase
Into the beauty of familiar ways.

I shut my door against the dark and cold—
Home lights the heart and warms the growing old.

Indiana —EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

Nothing Beautiful Is Lost

No loveliness but will return:
Once-Loved, let us remember how
New leaves unfold upon the fern,
New buds upon the dogwood bough.

And though because these certain things
And warm, insistent suns recur,
There is no reason why such springs
Should tempt dead love to wake and stir.

It is a comfort to believe
That nothing beautiful is lost—
That hearts bereft should no more grieve
Than trees that give their leaves to frost.

Florida —EDITH FULTON

Perdido Bay

Perdido, I have found you in a shell,
I keep you in a piece of wave worn stone.
Once more beyond the sea wheat lying prone
I listen for the tale you will not tell.
Again, what high adventure once befell
Bold Innerarity; sinister, lone,
What Seminole lurked here; and what unknown
And hard pressed galleon sought your hidden swell?

In vain. There is no sound along the sand
But tide and crying gulls. In vain I wait
Such tale to while away a summer day.
The pirates' gold is long since contraband;
The tall chief sleeps, his rest inviolate.
You keep your secrets deep and well, Lost Bay.

Alabama —FLORENCE CROW

Vocabulary

Some words are crisp and stark
As sleet that falls on grass
In the cold dark;
And others hollow, dead
As sound of lead
Against dull lead.
But there are words
That rise, tenderly as birds.
Breathing magnolia nights,
In scented flights . . .
Your words.

New York —ISABEL HARRISS BARR

"But Only God Can Make a Tree"

Ask Bethlehem if God can make a tree!
She will recall a midnight, long ago
When stars above and angel song below
Gave common scenes a holy majesty.
Ask Golgotha if God can make a tree!
It saw the strange procession; it must know
That on a barren plot there seemed to grow
A tree surviving yet in memory.

"But only God"—what human hand had skill
To minister to Him at birth and death?
He must have blessed the trees which were content
To lose identity awhile, until
He gave it back. His interlude of breath
Between two trees is their own monument.

California —ELINOR LENNEN

Illusion

I sat before a fire, and saw
A world of cherished hopes laid bare
In flickering light. The pulsing weave,
Expanding, touched a peak
A man might reach, in that red heart—
And you were there.

The shadows moved more slow, until
A tiny flame in blackened coals
Licked at the scarp of paper
I had flung, and for a moment writhed
As though in pain, before it died—
And you were gone.

Massachusetts —W. HARLEY RUDKIN

Acceptance

Weary, I waked to look upon September,
On this mysterious, misty, silent wood,
Bare-bosomed fields of pensive, purple mood,
Sumac beside the road, a dying ember;
A yellowing walnut tree; I shall remember
Pale mountains swimming on the verge asleep;
Roundness and busyness of full-fleeced sheep,
Clean thrill of autumn cool in every member.

I have been blind! Thought is a maundering tutor,
Plucking the sleeve and futile counsels rounding;
Henceforth I am become accepted suitor
To the good earth of loveliness abounding,
Whose harmonies sing on, in whose caress
My reason-weary heart finds happiness.

Virginia —FITZGERALD FLOURNOY

Bridges

Of words, we build fine bridges, meant to span
The deep, wide gulfs dividing man from man;
And thus, to lonely human souls convey
The thoughts and passions of our little day.

But frail and narrow are the bridges, fit
For little woes, light joys and airy wit;
But far too weak and crudely built, to bear
The weight of mortal rapture and despair.

Texas —PAULINE DILLINGHAM

The Wanton

Autumn is a wanton, quite beyond the pale,
Flaunting all her charms and wiles
with unembarrassed grace,
Beckoning and tempting the equinoctial gale.
Lips stained red by wild grape wine, with
flushed and laughing face,
Autumn spills her vintage with a lavish hand,
Draining the dying year of life-blood
from his heart,
Coloring the hillsides, the meadows, all
the land,—
Prodigal of loveliness of which she is a part.
Wintry winds will strip her of her gaudy dress,
Tearing off her golden gown, seeking to uncover
Further beauty hidden. Still, we must confess—
Naughty tho' we know she is, we cannot help
but love her.

North Carolina —AUGUSTA WRAY

I Count My Gold

See, gold enough to sate the heart of Midas!
In ranks of artichoke and goldenrod
That wave gilt banners high above the sod,
In stars which light their tawny lamps to guide us,
Are mints of gold that all the world may share.
But I claim wealth in which no fabled king
Has part:—I count my gold while fingering
The flaxen ringlets of my child's bright hair!

Alabama —WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

Poseidon's Daughter

Held by a green entanglement of water,
Swayed by its rhythmic and incessant motion,
Safely she rides the waves, Poseidon's daughter,
Enchanted mistress of the gray-green ocean;
She dimples with the sea's melodious laughter,
Droops to its mood of low persistent plaint,
Or, when the flying spray she follows after,
We see her glistening raiment shining faint
Beneath the smother of some gray disaster.
She rises swiftly from a tragic deep
To tease the sea-gulls, as they circle faster
Than light;—then where the silent, rock-bound, sleep
There flashes high above the silver foam
The scintillation of her emerald comb!

New York —JEWELL MILLER

Masonry

Sometimes there is strange laughter in the Dark;
Sometimes a cry of pain,
Or word as sullen as a musket-bark;
Then silences again
To morticed stone congeal.

Sometimes there is the motion of a wheel,
The rhythmic shifting of a mighty loom
A throbbing, massive as an ocean's boom
Behind the choruses of joy and woe
And life and destiny and death.
And so—
Before this Unimpregnable I sit
And wonder at the mystery of it.

California —MARY ARDEN

Pines

The tribe of Levi these, they stand apart;
Their tenth is granted them by poorest earth:
Chaste temple priests, each serves with willing heart,
Knowing this was his lot before his birth;
They do not wanton like the gayer trees,
But wear their somber green throughout the year;
They chant their prayers in mournful litanies,
Long arms outstretched, imploring heaven to hear.

When Earth is clothed in beauty by the Spring,
These still perform their sacrificial rites
Arrayed in cloistral robes to which they cling:
Scorning gay blooms and colorful delights
They spread their incense through the temple choirs
And lift tall candles toward God's altar fires.

Virginia —BELLE CAPLES MORRIS

Schubert's Serenade

He worshipped Woman ever from afar,
Sad heart, who felt the need of love so much!
He looked upon her as a dazzling star
Beyond the power of human hands to touch.
Denied always the tender love he sought,
His pent-up hunger only found release
In bars of deathless song: And so he wrought
In magic measures till his heart found peace.

The Serenade, from loneliness of soul
Was born, and here he touched the stars above—
His Song to Lovely Woman as a whole:
So Tuscan Dante sang of his lost love
And countless other lovers sang before—
Of Helen, Laura, Heloise, Lenore.

Oklahoma —HALLIE WHITAKER

To a Reader of R. L. S.

He is not here! No page has ever pinned
That blithe, unresting spirit gone at noon;
No glass can give his image back! As soon
Expect to purse the sunlight, trap the wind.

Say rather, as the summer marks her tread
With broken butterflies along the shore,
So are these poignant phrases nothing more
Than careless footprints scattered as he fled.

Say rather, as his shallop sprang to reel
The ocean's rim, before the skyline broke
Just here the scud blew landward like a smoke—
Here spindrift shattered from his singing keel.

Say rather, as he sped into the light—
That low west light toward which all courses run—
Just here before his pinions split the sun
An eagle dropped a feather in his flight.

Illinois —MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

My Tree of Gold

Brief days of glory clothed you in your robes of gold,
A briefer day saw patterned carpet at your feet,
Now slim you stand in pale gray cloak against the cold
To bear the winter's icy touch and biting sleet.
Did you once dream of coming bitterness and mold
When summer's wealth of greenery made all things sweet,
And plan to leave a memory of your cloth of gold
To turn to brilliant triumph your foreseen defeat?

New Hampshire —MARGARET MORRIS MILLS

Direction Desired

The poet robes a thought becomingly
And bids it trip before the eyes of men
A lovely apparition. Now and then
As friend greets friend with gladness, knowingly
We meet: for thoughts have much the way with me
Of butterflies that whirl and dip and then
Are gone, yet leave a brightness even when
No robe is mine to give. Such poverty!

Some begging thoughts secluded in my heart
Annoy me with their pleading day and night;
Entreating for release to have a part
In life, though small, they urge and urge me, WRITE!
Until there burns within a glowing fire!
Where is the mart to clothe my strong desire?

Alabama —MARY BARE MATTISON

Aftermath

How many Octobers will have to burn
Their way across my soul,
Before I am dead to the pain they bring,
A charred and blackened toll?

For once, while I worshipped the rutile flames,
One wildly leaped apart,
And buried itself like a red-hot steel,
Hilt deep into my heart.

And even the purple, like distant smoke,
Makes me October mad;
Could ever the saffron and crimson return
And find me loved and glad?

Indiana —ROSE MYRA PHILLIPS

Forest Trees

A thousand and a thousand years of Spring,
Yet ever immemorial things to say.
The theme in variations seems to bring
Reminder that a poet passed this way,
Telling an old, old story of a shrine
Fashioned of beauty in the heart of him
Who found in these a symbol and a sign
And caught the air composed by seraphim.

O Timeless miracle! My feet are set
In paths of peace a listening heart may know
As from each leafy tower and minaret
There rings the challenge sounded long ago
Irrefutable. Reverently and slowly
The trees are singing, Holy . . . Holy . . . Holy.

Missouri —L. LOGAN KEAN

Last Tenant

Hope is most curious—
  Hope lingers on
After all reason
  For hoping is gone.

Hearts, like old tenants
  Left to decay,
See their most valued guests
  Stealing away:

Joy must have more of light;
  Pride, better air;
Love is too frail to climb
  Such a steep stair!

Last of the tenants
  To vacate the heart,
Hope clings to crumbling walls,
  Loath to depart.

Ohio —B. Y. WILLIAMS

Scarlet Oak

A brilliant, glowing thing among the gray
And barren branches of the sombre wood,
When all the other trees have put away
Their autumn garb, awaiting winter's hood
Of frost and snow. All the sweet summer long
It holds its close green curtains round the nests
Hidden in its great arms; and every song
That wells in ecstasy from small, soft breasts
Is echoed in the stirring of its leaves.
Its tent of shelter from the blazing noon
Is widely spread, where dancing sunlight weaves
A patterned carpet fit for fairy shoon.

From the unsheathing of the tiny buds
On sturdy twigs—pale, greenly tender—
Through all the mounting of its yearly floods
Of quickening, it stands in regal splendor.
And when the woodland's red and gold brocade,
With its rich undertones of rust and brown,
Grows tattered in the wind, and pales and fades,
The scarlet oak still wears its flaming gown.

California —KATHERINE E. LINCK

Choice

Which shall be first,
The voice of the earth
Or the whisper of wings?

Which shall endure,
The wisdom that speaks
Or the silence that sings?

New York —SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

Tribute

He paces in his garden silently,
Whose love of beauty anchors in a home.
Far from the tang of cod and seething foam
He coins delight from budded vine and tree.
Conservatories yield him ecstasy.
Exotic blooms and lure of pulsing loam
Have kept him steadfast from desire to roam;
Contentment lends her kind society.

But when he stops to rest beneath a pine
And hears an echo of the wind at sea,
A chubby lad with rope-brown hair returns
To fashion tiny nets from bits of twine.
He stoops to touch the phantom at his knee . . . .
While in his veins a sea-born fever burns.

Florida —JESSIE MCINTOSH BROWN

Enchanted Journeys

We hear the breakers booming
On shores that never were,
We feel the breezes soothing
Where winds can never stir.

Across melodious waters
Which meet no human eye,
We watch the great flamingoes
Arch across a sky
That never hurled its dazzling
Bridge of blue to span
Twilight-fringed horizons
For wondering gaze of man.

A joyful crew, we voyagers
On rippling wings of rhyme,
Who take enchanted journeys
Beyond the walls of time.

Pennsylvania —LUCIA TRENT

The Balsam Fir

Like a steeple, like a spire,
Like a tower of desire,
Quiet sentinel on duty
Riveted in tapering beauty,
Pointing to an ever higher
Star to which your dreams aspire,
You never sleep nor ever fade,
You don a crystal masquerade,
In Spring wear tips of emerald fir
That make you all the lovelier.

I love you as the birds that nest
Within your warm and fragrant breast,
I love you as the wind that tones
Her wistful secret to your cones,
But dearly I adore you when
The breath of summer comes again
To stir the aromatic spice
That is my earthly paradise:
For close upon your perfumed fingers
My childhood's ring of memory lingers . . .

And O I would forever tarry
. . . . . .
Within your honeyed sanctuary.
. . . . . .

Minnesota —MARIE d'AUTREMONT GERRY

Night Stride

Preserving the night stride, a cloud
walked across the sky,
and, a mile from earth, whispered
to the high tree-tops
a midnight prayer.

New York —LEO A. QUINN

Harvest

Autumn walks through the land on golden feet
That stagger through the orchards, drunk with sweet
Warm tang of rotting fruit; bins groan with weight
Of ripened grain; and vineyards scintillate
With clustered emerald and amethyst;
On quiet slopes the flocks, like curdled mist,
Cling to the bronze-green hills; and one lone spark
Of sumac kindles the first torch to fire
The loveliness of summer's funeral pyre,
When beauty shall be sacrificed to stark
White gods of frost . . . . Through this still interlude
Of life and death, a thought forms on the brink
Of sated consciousness: What will God think
In winter, when His children cry for food?

Michigan —JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

The Silent One

You picture me a gaunt and hateful thing
In mildewed raiment clad, and pitiless,
And cold—with ready sickle garnering
The flowers you nurtured with most tenderness;
Yet, often, when the heavy hand of Fate
Has smitten, would you claim me as a friend
But when I draw anear you, bid me wait,
And shrink away from me—yet, in the end,
When, bruised and bleeding in the futile fight,
The eyes grow dim, and fumbling fingers grope
In darkness, vainly seeking for the light,
I pity, and unlock the door of Hope.

Florida —J. WILL CALLAHAN

Shopping

I went in town today,
To poke around the shops—
The child needed summer undies;
And I bought some amber earrings
And strolled about the counters
Gazing at this and that
In a rhapsody
Of window shopping.
Reveling in color, scent and texture,
Treading gently amongst the rugs,
Prayer rugs and ancient orientals.

But I saw something,
Something I could not hope to buy,
A little cross of jet,
About three inches long,
On a bit of ivory velvet lying there,
So black and smooth and gleaming,
Not breath-taking nor inspiring,
Just a little jet cross
So smoothly squared,
I yearned to take it in my hand,
To hold it in my palm against my heart
And stand so, facing life.

Yet I am not a Christian.

Illinois —ALICE M. DUGAN

Whispered Complaint

Between our dawn and dusk
  Is such a little time
To hear a song, to spin a dream,
  To make a little rhyme.

Washington, D. C. —HOPE RIDINGS

Ode to Full Measure

I

I still laugh
And look to life
For full measure,
Brimming full,
Of all that, in the name of Reason,
Is my share.
I'll take the heartbreaks
With the happiness,
Nor will I run away or hide
From things that frighten.
I will stand my ground,
And meet the vast eventfulness,
Or wisely bend, like a reed in storms,

Lest I break against high winds;
For well I know,
If defeat must come,
The struggle can but strengthen me
And bridge my way to future victory.

II

The sun still shines.
A darkened mass is fallen low,
Near the horizon,
As if a storm had been;
Another tuft of cloud, turned inside out,
Shows silver.
I wonder if the clouds could be
The sky's experience.

Georgia —ADELE BUSSEY

Water-Lilies

The lake is a lyric poet.
His songs are waterlilies,
White as purity,
Blue as Madonna's veil,
Or golden as the heart of truth.

Virginia —ELIZABETH NEWMAN

Under a Breadfruit Tree

This I learned on a moon-mad night
  Under a breadfruit tree:
That amber brooks lose leaf-green glints
  And go down to a rock-gray sea,

And this: that love is a gypsy girl
  With mocking flame-lit eyes
Who sleeps tonight at Kew or Kent
  And tomorrow at Capri lies,

That time is a tiger, hunger-wild,
  That stalks on padded feet,
That death is but nothing behind a door,
  And life may be mad and sweet,

That thin bronze leaves dance a dizzy tune
  In the fire of the autumn sun
And slide with a golden curve of song
  To silence, one by one.

Oh, this I learned on a moon-mad night
  Under a breadfruit tree:
That a poet's song is a lost star caught
  On a jade-green wave of the sea.

Oklahoma —ESTER L. HOLCOMBE

Dark Eden

The air is wine, the night is drunk
With wind and star and sea,
Our mystic love is as old and sweet
As all eternity.

Seawinds are calling, I must go
Where trail and salt-spray kiss,
Can happiness like ours last?
Eden was a night like this.

Georgia —ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

For a Certain Woman—Long After

I do not need your brittle friendship now;
And though I tremble when your name is spoken,
Think not the reason is concerned with you.

The brave young soldier, home from distant wars,
Laughingly recounts a hundred battles
He engaged in, and tells off with winks
What leaders rode ahead, how great the foe,
And who fell prisoners and which ones died.
But when some stripling pipes, "And your first wound—?"
The muscles of his bronzed jaw flicker, and he pales,
Remembering not the swordsman nor the sword, nor yet the wound,
But the sharp, sudden agony of knowledge
That under this golden sun there is, in truth,
Malice, and pain, and death for youth.

Even so, I tremble to recall—
Not the bright heart withdrawn—but that hour when
In grief and loneliness I learned at last
There are blows struck by no visible hand
And subtle spears no armor can withstand.

California —RUTH DE MENEZES

Sough of the Pine

Vibratile, sky-dwelling pine tree;
Tuned to the pulsing of starlight,
Wise with the secrets of shadows,
Aware how the wings of wind-spirits
Move down the duskways of forest.

Breathe, rifted song of the silence,
Fade, deepen, shadow of music;
Enrhythm harsh living with peace.

California —FLORENCE BOWEN HULT

I Want to Go Back Home

I want to go back home
Where bougainvillea glows like wine
Beside festooning coral vine;
Where poncianna writes her name
Against blue sky in scarlet flame.
I want to go back home!

I want to go back home!
I want to touch with my finger-tips
The low-hung moon before it slips
And shatters silver in velvet seas . . . .
I want to feel the stiff sea breeze.
I want to go back home!

I want to go back home!
I want to see the white spray flying,
I want to hear the white gulls crying,
I want to feel the green sea comb
Miami Beach with white-spun foam.
I want to go back home!

Alabama —MARY FERRELL DICKINSON

Earth's Lullaby

When night comes down and the long day is over,
When swallow wings are limned against the sky;
When mothers take their sleepy babes to hover
And sing to them a soothing lullaby—
How like a child the earth grows sleepy, too,
Nourished and full and ready for her rest
She draws a breath of ease as babies do
And falls to sleep upon the night's cool breast.

Then Heaven takes a scarf of gold and red
And tucks her sleepy child away to bed.

Alabama —MAUDE WAITS WHITLEY

Fireflies

Along a curving road there lies
A field of plumy wheat,
Of slender stems like fairy wands—
Of tops that bending, meet.

The Wind-god drives his chariot here
In mighty sweeps of space,
While ripples lilt across the wheat
As each plume bows its face.

And when the road is dim with night,
And dark sleeps in the field,
A million lovers come to woo
From cunning homes concealed.

Like Hindu women's dusky hair
The wheat lies swaying low,
While lanterns, weaving in and out . . . .
Mystic come and go.

Ohio —MARY B. LITTLE

Tree at Sunset

Against the blaze of evening sky,
  In silhouetted grace,
A tree stands, like some patterned art,
  Of ebony, and lace.

As though a song is played, superb,
  From leaf, and limb; a tree
That God made up of little parts
  Into a symphony.

Georgia —ELLIS ATKISSON MCDONALD

White Birch Tree

A motley crowd—
Many rough oaks
Jesting with one another,
Loud-voiced and coarse
In their buffoonery;
Voluptuous maples
Gaudily dressed
Wearing high color,
Laughing with abandon.
Beside these a white birch,
Full of exquisite grace,
Shy, half afraid
In such company.
She is modestly clad,
Her voice but a whisper,
Her white dress
Her only adornment.

The others stand apart from her
Knowing
By some strange sense
Her gentility.

Iowa —FAYE CASHATT LEWIS

I Am a Moth

I, a moth of pretty things
In the candle of God's eye
Brush the air with gauzy wings,
Round and round him try to fly.

Earthbound, straining to depart,
I, so dim, to Him, so bright,
With a fearsome joy my heart
Trembles through me in the light.

Virginia —EUGENIE CATHERINE PAUL

Ferryman's Prayer to Charon

On earth I was a ferryman;
As such I spent my life's full span
  Of years, and then Eternity
  Began. Old Charon ferried me
Across a deep and murky stream
Where I was lost but for a gleam
  That shone beyond the river's edge—
  A light upon a window ledge
Placed there by one whose midnight shout
Had called me from my bed and out
  Into a wintry storm . . . . I went
  It mattered not how imminent
A danger was. A ferryman's wife
Would hate him if he held his life
  Too dear to risk for those distressed.
  Oh, Charon, grant me one request:
Pray let me be God's ferryman
From earth to heaven—I know the plan—
  With a cottage by the River Styx,
  A window-light and a crucifix.

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Macrocosm

Light of the moon
among the moveless trees
distils white silence
from the wash of sound;
the ticking pulses of the earth
dissolve
in the long rhythm of the stars.

California —FLORENCE BOWEN HULT

November

The scent of burning leaves, and blue haze slipping
Behind far hills; tall rugged trees stript bare;
And Autumn's slender fingers frailly gripping
Bright tatters of a garment once so fair.
While stirring in the heart is poignant sorrow
That Winter will have taken these tomorrow.

Ohio —VIRGINIA EATON

Gossip

Something
Ought to be done
About the moon and the trees;
They are being seen together
A great deal.

California —R. M. PRESSEY

Hoarding

The poplar's green and lucent crest
A whispered litany intoned.
A thousand foliate hearts confessed
Duplicity they now bemoaned,
All tremulous with sheer distress.
A vagrant breeze had just revealed,
By strategy of gentleness,
The hoard of silver they concealed.

Michigan —MYRTLE BASTIAN BROWN

(Continued from page 2)

"A Southern poetry magazine made an annual award the other day for the best poems selected from those it has published. Five poets tied for the prize, and each received a fifth of it. This incident may mark an all-time record for indecision among literary judges. There never has been a formula, of course, for exactly measuring the excellence of poetry, and anybody who has been so unfortunate as to act as judge in a literary contest knows how difficult is the task of distributing the prizes fairly.

"Perhaps those who awarded the honor of superiority to the five poets in the Southern periodical sought to avoid these qualms which disturb the conscience of a poetry critic. Surely there can be no doubt that in this case part of the prize went to an author who deserved it. Yet the reactions of the poets may arouse sympathy. Imagine the feelings of a versifier who has won a coveted literary prize only to discover that the work of four others was considered of equal merit. He might well envy a prize-fighter's struggle for the champion's belt in a ring restricted to two contestants."

"The Southern Poetry Magazine" referred to in this article is BOZART and Contemporary Verse, but the Sun is mistaken on three points, viz.: (1) This is not a Southern magazine, except that it happens to be published in Georgia; we publish as many poems from New York, Michigan and California as we do from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; (2) The award is bi-monthly instead of annual; (3) There is no committee of judges; the prize is awarded on popular ballot from all sections. Sometimes the majority of votes are cast for one person. Adelaide Love won the January-February prize; Mary Ward won it in May-June. A few months ago the prize was divided between Harold Vinal and Hope Ridings, in this issue, as stated elsewhere, it is divided between Edith Tatum and Jessie Wilmore Murton. Only once, so far as I am aware, has the Hartsock prize ever been divided among more than two people; and this may never happen again; but one can never tell what may come to pass when ballots pour in from all points of the compass.

* * * *

During the last few weeks at least six young poets have asked, "What do you mean by inversion?" The dictionary makes it about as plain as it can be made: "Inversion. Reversal of position or natural order of words." Inversion was a special device of the old hymn-writers to make their rhyme-words hit. William Kethe (See the Geneva

Psalter) writes, "Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell." Kethe ends the line with "tell" because of the need of a rhyme for "dwell;" but why he inverted the first half of the line is not clear. Later, in this same poem, he says:

"Approach with joy his courts unto
For it is seemly so to do."

The natural order of these words is: Approach his courts with joy, for it is seemly to do so. Better good prose than poor verse.

* * * *

From a personal letter I take the following paragraph of comment on a poet who had not risen to her theme: "That is the danger of writing on a powerful theme before a natural germination has brought it to its flowering, or before the poet, herself, has reached a proper appreciation and development which give her a certain sense of power—a power that should manifest itself in the piece of work . . . . A certain repose and of peace of mind are necessary to creative work."

One may "dash off" a clever couplet or quatrain "before breakfast"—not so with a real poem. As bread comes by the sweat of the face, so poetry comes by the sweat of the soul.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

Summary. By Tom Sweeney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Lyric poetry, it seems to me, must reflect a mood. If it reflects well a state of mind or an emotion that is or that can be universal, it succeeds, all other things being equal. For then there is an appeal directly to experience; there is the recrudescence of past feelings, the memory of ecstasy or sadness, and in a flash things past are vivid in the mind. The degree of its success rests to a great extent upon the identification of the imagery and figuration with impressions and memory and experience. Herein, it would appear Mr. Sweeney's book fails. One cannot recollect cave-men, prehistoric monsters, and their like. There is no tie of sympathy and of understanding between author and reader. In spite of an inevitable admiration for Mr. Sweeney's gifts as a poet—his crisp, thrifty diction, his sometimes almost striking figures and images—one is left cold at the end, totally lacking in enthusiasm. For Mr. Sweeney's poetry is far too cerebral and lacking in a certain neces-

sary sensuousness ever to be great poetry. But in justice to him, it must be said that he appears to be hampered in the expression of what he certainly thinks and may feel by the restrictions of rhyme.

But about the book: it is divided into four sections which, taken together, form a sort of bird's-eye view of the growth of thought—"Soil," "Seed," "Roots," and "Branches." Continuity is attained by means of four long poems, one for each section, printed on the unevenly numbered pages; on the remaining pages are shorter ones, usually sonnets, which were intended to serve somewhat as program notes but which turn out to contain Mr. Sweeney's best work. Whatever may be said for the stimulation to be had from the poetry, the scheme of organization, at least, possesses the virtue of novelty.

—ROBERT D. ENGLAND

GIBRALTAR—Georgiana Bole King. Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York.

This is not a book that students of poetry will revel in. It paints no word pictures, deals with no subtle imagery, therefore will appeal to and be welcomed by the masses.

These are lyrics of beauty and simplicity, revealing a background of deep spirituality, including reminiscent songs of other lands.

The book is inspiring and refreshing, and well worth one's perusal.

—GRACE BURTON

THE NEW SKETCH BOOK (An Anthology of Voices)—Ella Warner Fisher. The Ecelsior Press, Vermont.

In varying forms of verse, the author has let voices of the past speak. Some of these characters, Mrs. Fisher explains in her foreword, are real, while many are purely fictitious.

All of them, whether real or imaginary, reflect the author's keen insight into human nature and her wholesome philosophy of life.

FRUIT UNATTAINABLE—H. P. Stoddard. The Stratford Company, Boston.

An artistic brochure containing vivid flashes of color with a pleasing variety of theme.

MARYLAND POETS—Henry Harrison, Publisher. Another compilation of state poets comes to us from Maryland with a few names which we had anticipated missing from the list of forty-eight contributors. Measured by former state anthologists, the Marylanders are a little above

the average. While there are not any particularly striking examples of verse, fewer poor ones are noted than one usually finds in collections of this type.

The foreword by Maria Briscoe Croker is worthy of comment. Mrs. Croker presents a comprehensive historical and literary background for contemporary Maryland versifiers which should stimulate them to even better work.

LIGHTS ALONG THE ROAD—Jack Greenberg, (Henry Harrison, publisher) A first volume by a Los Angeles lawyer and former newspaperman. Mr. Greensberg's varied themes are interesting, ranging all the way from flights of fancy to philosophic moods.

WOMEN and POETRY

The editor's pithy and provocative comments regarding the all-women poetry journal. THE SPINNERS, in the July-August issue, struck many readers, I am confident as being extremely sound. I feel highly privileged to have this opportunity, so graciously accorded to me by Dr. Melton, to discuss as a woman poet the issue raised by that magazine's tacit "For Women Only."

The founding of any poetry magazine seems to me the worthiest sort of enterprise, especially at this time when our economic distresses endanger every cultural cause. Those few crusaders who are willing to raise banners for any of the arts, which after all are the corner-stones of any true civilization, should be given our warmest support. So let us say, "God-speed" to the editors of THE SPINNERS.

But why enter the poetry world in Quaker meeting fashion? Surely in this day and generation a poem should be judged by its merits as a poem, not by the sex of its author.

The Amazon policy of keeping men off is, as Dr. Melton asserts, "a sort of acknowledgement of inferiority." It makes women poets a target for the arrows of those critical gentlemen whose judgments concerning women in any of the creative arts are based not on any valid principles of biology, but on age-long prejudice and superficial thought.

To the challenge always flung by anti-feminists of both sexes, "Why haven't women created as great works of art in the past as men?" I am tempted to reply, "Why wasn't the Sistine Madonna painted by cave

men in the stone ages?" For centuries the self expression of the vast majority of women has come vicariously through the men with whom they were associated. For centuries women were denied the right to artistic majority of women has come vicariously through the men with whom they adjudged insane because she wrote potery. Jane Austin was not even granted a room of her own in which to write; she had to use the family living room in the midst of chatting relatives.

How much great art would Mr. Masefield and other critics of feminine ability produce under such circumstances? Even today almost every teacher in the creative arts can tell you many instances of disapproving fathers and husbands. Just as cave men did not have the centuries of development needed to produce a Raphael, so women have not been given conditions or granted opportunities to achieve as have their more fortunate brothers.

For many women, absorbed by a thousand routine tasks, poetry is, at most, a pastine. Art, to be worth anything must be an integral part of the life of its individual creator. Those women who are making it an intimate part of their lives, like Lola Ridge, are producing poetry comparable to that of men. They represent a new attitude toward art and toward life. As women grow, so will their art.

Genius is not the strange blessing of the gods it was once thought to be. Genius is the outgrowth of environment and heredity. Women have been fenced off from the necessary environment. They have an equal chance with men of possessing the *potentialities* of talent through the laws of heredity, as daughters as well as sons inherit from both forefathers and foremothers. Comparisons of latent abilities are scientifically absurd. When, and not until then, women trample down the barriers, rouse themselves from petty, traditionally feminine outlook and mental lethargy, stand shoulder to shoulder with men as comrades, they will come into their own and fulfill their creative potentialities now largely submeregd in a man-dominated world.

The soil is ready and those of us who have faith in the women of the future hail the harvest of poetry to come.

—LUCIA TRENT

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Hey, fellers, let's send some old-fashioned verses over feminine pen-names to *The Spinners*, the new magazine restricted to effusions by members of the sewing sorority. After all, the only notable spinner on earth today is a man, Mahatma Gandhi. It's neither here nor there, but Max Eastman and I should feel quite uppety, now that a magazine is launched solely to try to prove an argument against us. The circular of *The Spinners* quotes my dictum of 1929, to the effect that during a two-years editorship I had not received ten real poems by women. But they omitted my statement elsewhere, in the introduction to a book by Dorothy Kruger: "I am not retracting the outrageous libel, not a syllable of it. But then, are ten real poems, by man or woman, published anywhere in a year? Is even one great poem, one that will live as long as poetry itself lives?" Lucia Trent tells me that in the current issue of BOZART she is discussing Dr. Melton's July-August "Salon" remarks, and in doing so she may have to toss some bricks, albeit plush bricks, at me. I told her to go ahead, but to say that I regret the minority of great women poets and moreover regret actutely that the accident of sex is ever mentioned at all in relation to a creative worker's place in the sun. Let them be poets first and last and always, not men nor women writing poems.

If the plea is heard and plans mature, November will see the unveiling of a bronze tablet in Atlanta, bearing the name of Georgia's distinguished poet, Ernest Hartsock. The cost is $250; all who have known him or admired the achievements of that young genius will wish to contribute what they can to the fund in this, Georgia's Bicentennial. Moneys may be sent to Mr. Glenn Rainey, 407 North Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.; or through the editor of this magazine for the Hartsock bronze tablet fund. It is further urged, that all who wish to possess a definite edition of the complete poems and prose of Ernest Hartsock will communicate with Mr. Rainey, who is collecting material to that end.

The depression having hit Chicago stockyards, Miss Monroe's little magazine has received a grant of $5,000 from the Carnegie Corporation.

Why is it that—ahem—women poetry editors require a bank balance to support a magazine? The editor of the best verse journal in this country, now preparing its seventy-second issue, writes me he barely keeps the periodical alive. I know another good magazine, man-edited, begun nearly seven years ago on a shoestring and still doing business on the original boot lacing. A mid-western verse editor, writing to a verse editor in California (I have seen the letter), maintains that "The kinds of verse magazines to endure are (a) those long established, (b) those 'home-printed', (c) those supported to advertise some vanity publishing business." For the ladies' defense, let me admit I know of one magazine, edited by three women poets in Washington, D. C., which has never been in debt and yet has never solicited aid from steel millions or stockyards . . . . How many poets, especially Georgians, know and are proud of *Shards*, of Box 2007, August, edited by (Mrs.), Constance Deming Lewis? It was launched in February of this year . . . . With the October issue of *Blue Moon* (Hillsdale, Mich.), Inez Tyler assumes entire charge, no associate editors . . . . Robert L. Dark, Jr., whose *Riding the Stars* is a new verse column at Tyler, Texas, has been added to the editorial staff of Irl Morse's *Better Verse* (2169 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.) . . . . William Sawyer, once editor of *Scepter* and now employed on a Nashville newspaper, had had another appendix removed.

Poets, when publishers tell you they can't risk bringing out your book unless you —er— cooperate, show 'em this item from London: According to Cecil Palmer, the publisher, it is easier to earn profits from the publication of a second-rate volume of verse than from a first-rate volume of short stories. But, have you sufficient humility to tell your potential publisher that yours is only a second-rate book?

Henry Harrison will this fall publish a provocative volume of prose papers by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, *More Power to Poets!* . . . . E. A. Robinson's *Talifer* was out Sept. 26. (Macmillan) . . . . Edited by James Neill Northe (303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, Calif.), *Threads and Shadows of* 1932-3 promises to be "one of the few authentic anthologies of the year." With a marvelous color scheme (secret, though I know details), its format should equal the content, and it is *not* a pay-as-you-enter . . . . The Paebar Co. of New York is preparing *The Standard Book of New York Verse*, and "Each contributor, when submitting a manuscript, must enclose a check or money order in the amount of $10.00 in payment for five copies." They invited me to send a pome, and sez I,

I'm not eligible, because (a) my few verses about New York are mediocre and (b) I am not and never was, thank God, a New York poet. And might have added, I have not, and never had, thank God, $10.00 for self-publicity . . . . The young St. Louis poet, Rives Skinker Matthews has gone into the publishing business, sponsoring the Half Moon Press, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y. . . . . Stephen Vincent Benét has been made editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets. That will mean extravagant praise, hereafter, in the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, of Yale Series poets, if you know what I mean (see comments below on Mrs. Leitch's and Mr. Coates' articles!).

Stanton Coblentz, editor of *Wings*, has a new book in attractive format, *Songs of the Redwoods* (Overland-Outwest Pub., Los Angeles, $1.50) . . . . Your editor Dr. Melton likewise has a book of poems, from the Oglethorpe University Press, *Chimes of Oglethorpe* ($1.50) . . . . Father Placid, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, associate editor of *The North Carolina Poetry Review*, has a book fresh from the Abbey Press, *Silver Maid* ($1.00). Dom Placid's collected poems will appear before long . . . . What a few years will do! Not so long ago I was so lacking in foresight as to reject the poetic efforts of young Edward Doro, then of Los Angeles. This August saw the Knopf publication of his *The Boar and the Shibboleth* in a sumptuous $3.50 net edition, and heard the lad hailed as "a new Keats" with "poems amazingly perfect and beautiful," and praised by Chris Morley, Conrad Aiken, Wm. Rose Benèt and others. Maybe so, maybe so, and I hope 'tis true, but who has $3.50 to find out? . . . . In his next book (prose?) Rudyard Kipling will record his *Souvenirs of France* (Macmillan) . . . Heinemann announces a history of the famous training ship, Conway, written by John Masefield . . . . Edith Sitwell is mothering in her lean bosom a book called *The English Eccentrics*, to be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin. There should be an appendix, in three volumes, to give but mention of the American cousin eccentrics. "Aren't we all?" . . . Wm. Rose Benèt's anthology, *Fifty Poets* (Duffield & Green, New York), gives the self-selected "best" poem of the fifty bards selected by Mr. Benét of the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, including of course all the friends of the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* The poets' comments run all the way from Lew Sarett's delightfully sane remarks to Dr. William Carlos Williams' rhapsodies over his own funny free-verse brevity—he ends with the bland assurance that "in fact I find the poem quite perfect." . . . . Pocantico Publishers, New York, are fathering an auto-

graphed edition of that famous American classic, "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor," said to be by John Henry Titus. States not yet having voted for repeal of the you-know-which Amendment, will please take notice.

In the September issue of *Thought: A Quarterly of the Sciences and Letters* (329 W. 108th St., New York), Julia Cooley Altrocchi has a superb article on "Italian Poetry Since the War." And by the way, following her long list of notable men poets, she cites but three, possibly four, women poets of modern Italy. Lucia dear, *regardez!* . . . . Mary Sinton Leitch dilates entrancingly in the August *Catholic World* (411 W. 59th Street, New York) on "Book Reviewing Reviewed." Mrs. Leitch writes always with perfect taste and never flings rocks; but we do not have to guess when she writes: "In New York itself a little clique of cronies, editors and sponsors of a leading journal there, spend their time running around in a circle, patting each other's back and shouting each other's praises until much criticism has become an absurdity, even in the literary capital of the nation." . . . . We all know how difficult it is for a reviewer *not* allied to any clique, to have his honest say and come through unscathed. A here nameless poetaster, whose atrocious collection I had lambasted, threatened to sue the editor of a west-coast magazine because in my review I had quoted a few lines (as a horrible example) instead of giving readers the agony of a complete poem! And now he has another book forthcoming: that man enjoys punishment. Any woman poet Lucia's article mentions is his superior . . . . In the August issue of his *Driftwind*, Walter John Coates got righteously hot against the smug complacency of restricted "caste" groups that foregather at verse colonies, at Peterboro, Breadloaf, Rollins and elsewhere, "each of these limited groups magnifying its own particular little circle of poetic demigods" and disregarding "other similar circles adoring quite dissimilar demigods in the same exclusive caste spirit"!

On Sept. 14th Barbara Young, whose new book of verse is called *I Go A-Walking*, addressed the Second Parliament of Religions, in Chicago, her topic being "The Evangelism of Culture." Hope Miss Young did not go a-walking all the way to Chicago and back to civilization? . . . . From London we hear that Beverly Nichols considers free verse an insult to poetry, which is such a passionate thing that it ought to be curbed, to be poured into a mould, as it were . . . . First prize in the Italian International Literary Competition for the best travel article on

Italy, was awarded to the Poet Fredericka Blankner, for her paper on Pisa, "The City of the Ivory Tower," first published in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* . . . . Francois Mauriac has been elected a member of the French Academy . . . . AE (George Russell) is on a world tour . . . . The negro poet Langston Hughes is in Japan after a year in Soviet Russia and Siberia.

Oliver Herford, in the *New York American,* says the back-to-barter movement should reach the publishing business. For poetry he demands payment in French pastry, green figs (he must mean white figs, says the *Writer's Review,* as green immature figs are worse than castor oil. I don't know, for I always pour my castor oil down the drain), angel cake, frogs' legs and turtle soup. Oliver must think *all* editors have been endowed by the Carnegies . . . . Which invites this culling from a newspaper. First Poet: "Milton was a great poet, yet he sold 'Paradise Lost' for $25. Poe was a great poet, yet he sold 'The Raven' for $10." The other whistled. "Why," said he "those guys weren't poets; they were wizards of finance."

Lee Wilson Dodd died in May, aged 53. Among his volumes of verse are *A Modern Alchemist* (1906) and *The Middle Miles* (1915) . . . . Harry Alan Potamkin, author, critic, editor 1925-1927 of *The Guardian,* and a poet of sorts, died July 19th, aged 33. *Salve!*

Prizes Awarded

The Cora Smith Gould prize of $25, "In Memory of Ernest Hartsock," for the best poem appearing in each issue of this magazine, has been awarded, by popular ballot, to Edith Tatum, Greenville, Alabama, for her poem, "White Hands;" and Jessie Wilmore Murton, Grand Rapids, Michigan, for her poem, "Moonlight in the Cumberlands." These poems appeared in the July-August issue. Shirley Dillon Waite, Alabama, is a close second. Others to receive highly complimentary votes are: Geoffrey Johnson, Myrta Fenton, Willodine Cranford, Helene Claiborne, Paul Stough, Emmett Baldwin, Dorothy Callaway, Beulah May, Ralph Cheney, Clarence L. Haynie, and Owen R. Washburn. The editor appreciates the large number of votes cast for his poem, "When Love Grows Stronger," but his work is not eligible.

Edith Tatum awards her PATTERAN to Hal Fauver, Detroit, Michigan, for his poem, "Prayer," published in an earlier issue. She awards a copy of the same book to Clarence L. Haynie, for his poem, "Final Beauty," in the July-August issue.